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## THE LADY SHOPPING.



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

## No. XXXIV.—THE LADY SHOPPING.

‘GOING a shopping!’ The very words grate on many an unfortunate husband’s ears. The bare proposal of a wife to go a shopping, conjures up in the mind of her lord and master, (who, by the way, is any thing but her master in matters of this kind,) ideas of the most unpleasant nature. He looks upon it in precisely the same point of view, as if some light-fingered gentleman were to thrust his hand into his pockets, and carry off in triumph all he could find. He would often, indeed, feel but too happy, were this the full extent of the evil. If he accompany his wife on her shopping excursions, he will soon make the disagreeable discovery, that she will not proportion the extent of her purchases to the amount of money which it may be convenient for him at the time to spare. She will complete the number of articles she had catalogued in her mind, and very probably in the shop at the moment, make an alarming supplement to it. The “assistant draper” is the very pink of politeness. He knows her weak side, and lavishes his attentions on her. One article after another is unrolled, and its merits amply and eloquently expatiated on. There are no limits to his praise of his goods. The quality of every thing is not only superlative, but surpasses perfection itself. And then as to the price,—why, it is no price at all. It is very considerably under that at which the article can be procured at any other establishment. In fact, the assistant draper is literally giving away his master’s goods. He has a remarkably quick eye for the partialities of his customers. That piece of silk, which our artist has represented the lady as in the act of inspecting, he is lauding to the skies, ay, even up to the fixed stars themselves. It is the best piece of goods on the premises; and he can scarcely support himself under the herculean burden of his admiration of her taste, in giving a preference to it. She who could resist the flattery thus so artfully, and in such large doses administered to her, must have less than the average share of woman’s vanity. The assistant draper, by his pretty plausibilities, not only persuades his lady customer to purchase more articles than she requires, but she so far extends his patronage to him, as to purchase articles which in all probability she will never need. Matthews, the comedian, used to relate an amusing instance of this. A lady who had been married several years without having any children, and who had no prospect of ever being encumbered with “innocent pledges” of connubial bliss, having one day gone a shopping with her husband, first admired and then purchased every thing shown her by the cunning rogue whose duty it was to dispose of his master’s goods. Last of all, she was shown some baby clothes, with which after the usual encomiums had been pronounced upon them by the shopman, she fell into the same raptures, as with every thing else. But while in the act of making an extensive purchase of the admired baby

clothes, her husband, whose patience as well as purse had by this time become pretty well exhausted, ventured to remonstrate with her in the following terms: “My dear, it is really quite unnecessary to purchase any baby articles: we *don’t* require them.” “No, love, but we *may* require them,” was the affectionate reply; and accordingly a very extensive purchase was made.

Most ladies, as their husbands find to their cost, are very fond of shopping. Even when they have not the means to make large purchases, they seem to derive a special pleasure from witnessing the fineries exhibited for sale. Hence, many of them often loiter away the better part of a day in those shops in which there is the greatest variety of articles, without purchasing to an extent exceeding a few shillings. In some cases, indeed, they spend many hours in drapers’ shops without making a single purchase, or without intending to make one when they enter. A short time ago, a Mr. Thomson, who is celebrated for the variety and quality of his goods, overheard the following dialogue between two young ladies when walking along Oxford street. “Matilda, dear, where shall we go next to while away the time?”

“I am sure I don’t know, love—wherever you please.”

“I’m sick of the Pantheon.”

“And so am I dear, of all the horrid bazaars!”

“Oh, let us go,” exclaimed the other, emphatically, just as if she had made a most important discovery, “Oh let us go and turn over Mr. Thomson’s things!”

“Delightful!” responded the other. Mr. Thomson turned round, and making them a bow which would have done no discredit to Chesterfield, said, “I thank you, ladies, I’m exceedingly obliged to you.”

## ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I HAVE seen Robert Burns laid in his grave, and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his; of both I wish to speak, and my words shall be spoken with honesty and freedom. They were great though unequal heirs of fame. Their fortunes and their birth were widely dissimilar; yet in their passions and in their genius they approached to a closer resemblance. Their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendour of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant, and the other was a peer; but nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune, by the richness of her benefactions: the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land: by nature, if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both. I have hearkened to words from their lips, and admired the labours of their pens, and I am now, and likely to remain, under the influence of their magic songs. They rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love, and the other from a scorn of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have surpassed. But it is less my wish to draw the characters of those extraordinary men, than to write what I remember of them; and I will say

nothing that I know not to be true, and little but what I saw myself.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and while I write this, I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee, and heard the bard repeat his *Tam O'Shanter*. He was tall, and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease, which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken.

The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of *Childe Harold*. He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had not the full and manly melody of the voice of Burns; nor had he equal vigour of frame, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear; the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the cheek, and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the duke of Wellington. His bust by Thorvaldson is feeble and mean; the painting of Philips is more noble, and much more like. Of Burns I have never seen aught but a very uninspired resemblance, and I regret it the more, because he had a look worthy of the happiest effort of art—a look beaming with poetry and eloquence.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Solway; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it. He had gone away very ill, and he returned worse. He was brought back I think, in a covered spring cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not important to know, that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat, with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add, that he was not fastidious about his dress; and that an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verse than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

From the day of his return home, till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history—of his person—of his works—of his family—of his fame—and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians, (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one,) were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow-volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed-side with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world. He repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow-townsmen increased. He was an exciseman it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was therefore much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry, made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculation and religious hope, were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—the delight his compositions had diffused; and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine, and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprang from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired with a groan.

Of the dying moments of Byron, we have no minute nor very distinct account. He perished in a foreign land, among barbarians or aliens, and he seems to have been without the aid of a determined physician, whose firmness or persuasion might have vanquished his obstinacy. His aversion to bleeding was an infirmity which he shared with many better regulated minds; for it is no uncommon belief that the first touch of the lancet will charm away the approach of death, and those who believe this are willing to reserve so decisive a spell for a more momentous occasion. He had parted with his native land in no ordinary bitterness of spirit; and his domestic infelicity had rendered his future peace of mind hopeless. This was aggravated from time to time by the tales or the intrusion of travellers, by reports injurious to his character, and by the eager and vulgar avidity with which idle stories were circulated, which exhibited him in weakness or in folly. But there is every reason to believe, that long before his untimely death, his native land was as bright as ever in his fancy, and that his anger, conceived against the many for the sins of the few, had subsided, or was subsiding. Of Scotland, and of his Scottish origin, he has boasted in more than one place of his poetry; he is proud to remember the land of his mother, and to sing that he is half a Scot by birth, and a whole one in his heart. Of his great rival in popularity, Sir Walter Scott, he speaks with kindness; and the compliment he has paid him has been earned by the unchangeable admiration of the other. Scott has ever spoken of Byron as he has lately written, and all those who know him will feel that this consistency is characteristic. The news of Byron's death came upon London like an earthquake; and though the common multitude are ignorant of literature, and destitute of feeling for the higher flights of poetry, yet they consented to feel by faith, and believed, because the newspapers believed, that one of the brightest lights in the fir-

mament of poesy was extinguished for ever. With literary men, a sense of the public misfortune was mingled, perhaps, with a sense that a giant was removed from their way; and that they had room now to break a lance with an equal, without the fear of being overthrown by fiery impetuosity and colossal strength. But among those who feared him, or envied him, or loved him, there are none who sorrow not for the national loss, and grieve not that Byron fell so soon, and on a foreign shore.

When Burns died, I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy, and touched my heart with his songs and his poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several eldren people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn, according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with grey, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart, than if his bier had been embellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we went, and others succeeded us—there was no justling and crushing, though the crowd was great—man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom of Scotland to “wake” the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs, and much waste of strong drink, like our mercurial neighbours—but in silence or in prayer; superstition says it is unsensate to leave a corpse alone—and it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—much it was my wish to share in the honour; but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been sure.

I am to speak the feelings of another people, and of the customs of a higher rank, when I speak of laying out the body of Byron for the grave. It was announced from time to time that he was to be exhibited in state, and the progress of the embellishments of the poet's bier was recorded in the pages of an hundred publications. They were at length completed, and to separate the curiosity of the poor from the admiration of the rich, the latter were indulged with tickets of admission, and a day was set apart for them to go and wonder over the decked room and emblazoned bier. Peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians, came in gilded chariots and in hired hacks, to gaze upon the splendour of the funeral preparations, and to see in how rich and how vain a shroud the body of the immortal had been hid. Those idle trappings, in which rank seeks to mark its altitude above the vulgar, belonged to the state of the peer rather than to the state of the poet; genius required no such attractions; and all this magnificence served only to divide our regard with the man whose inspired tongue was now silenced for ever. Who cared for lord Byron the peer, and the privy councillor, with his coronet, and his long descent from princes on one side, and from heroes on both; and who did not care for George Gordon Byron the poet, who has charmed us, and will charm our descendants with his deep and impassioned verse! The homage was rendered to genius,

not surely to rank—for ‘lord’ can be stamped on any clay, but inspiration can only be impressed on the finest metal.

Of the day on which the multitude were admitted, I know not in what terms to speak. I never surely saw so strange a mixture of silent sorrow and of fierce and intractable curiosity. If one looked on the poet's splendid coffin with deep awe, and thought of the gifted spirit which had lately animated the cold remains, others regarded the whole as a pageant or a show, got up for the amusement of the idle and the careless, and criticised the arrangements in the spirit of those who wish to be rewarded for their time, and who consider that all they condescend to visit should be according to their own taste. There was a crushing, a trampling, and an impatience, as rude and as fierce as ever I witnessed at a theatre; and words of incivility were bandied about, and questions asked with such determination to be answered, that the very mutes, whose business was silence and repose, were obliged to interfere with tongue and hand between the visitors and the dust of the poet. In contemplation of such a scene, some of the trappings which were there on the first day were removed on the second, and this suspicion of the good sense and decorum of the multitude called forth many expressions of displeasure, as remarkable for their warmth as their impropriety of language. By five o'clock the people were all ejected—man and woman—and the rich coffin bore tokens of the touch of hundreds of eager fingers—many of which had not been overclean.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sung of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with military honours—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold—the banners displayed—the measured step, and the military array—with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share in increasing the solemnity of the burial scene; and had no connexion with the poet. I looked on it then, and I consider it now, as an idle ostentation, a piece of superfluous state which might have been spared, more especially as his neglected and traduced and insulted spirit had experienced no kindness in the body from those lofty people who are now proud of being numbered as his coevals and countrymen. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland; but the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age—and Chatterton's poison-cup, we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend for ever. There was a pause among the mourners, as if loth to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovel-full of earth sounded on his coffin lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrade, by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the

grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight. I notice this, not from my concurrence in the common superstition, that "happy is the corpse which the rain rains on," but to confute a pious fraud of a religious magazine, which made heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet, in thunder, in lightning, and in rain. I know not who wrote the story, and I wish not to know; but its utter falsehood thousands can attest. It is one proof out of many, how Divine wrath is found by dishonest zeal in a common commotion of the elements, and that men whose profession is godliness and truth, will look in the face of heaven and tell a deliberate lie.

A few select friends and admirers followed lord Byron to the grave. His coronet was borne before him, and there were many indications of his rank; but save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of their empty carriages followed the mourning coaches, mocking the dead with idle state, and impeding the honest sympathy of the crowd with barren pageantry. Where were the owners of those machines of sloth and luxury? Where were the men of rank among whose dark pedigrees lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers? Where were the great whigs? Where were the illustrious Tories? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep those fastidious persons away? But above all, where were the friends with whom wedlock had united him? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. I have no wish to set myself up as a judge in domestic infelicities, and I am willing to believe they were separated in such a way as rendered conciliation hopeless; but who could stand and look on his pale manly face, and his dark locks, which early sorrows were making thin and grey, without feeling that, gifted as he was, with a soul above the mark of other men, his domestic misfortunes called for our pity as surely as his genius called for our admiration?

When the career of Burns was closed, I saw another sight—a weeping widow and four helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh. I shall never forget the looks of his boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving; but he was honoured then, and is honoured now, by the inalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

#### POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.—No. VI.

OUR poetical correspondents have not been so liberal in their contributions of late, as they were some time ago. From those which have reached us in the course of the last few weeks, we select the few which follow. Some months ago, we published two pieces from the pen of Mr. H. G. Adams, entitled "Lays of a Lunatic." The unhappy person was in one instance supposed to be apostrophising the moon, and in the other a storm. The following, under the same head, is from the same pen. The lunatic is represented as meditating on the nature of certain sounds which reach his ear.

##### THE SOUND.

I HEAR a sound upon the gale,  
A sound both clear and shrill;

It cometh not from yonder vale,  
It comes not from the hill.  
Of piping winds it is not born,  
Nor clash of angry waters;  
'Tis not Tom Turner's bugle horn,  
Nor harp played by his daughters.  
'Tis not the trilling of the lark,  
Nor chanting of the thrush;  
Nor owl that hooteth after dark,  
From out the ivy-bush.  
It is not any note at all,  
That's uttered by a birdie;  
Nor cats that in a gutter squall,  
Nor noise of hurdy-gurdy.  
Again it swells,—again it swells,  
Still louder on my ears;  
Ah, no! it is not chiming bells,  
Nor music of the spheres.  
From heaven above it cometh not,  
Nor from the earth beneath me;  
List! how it hovers round the spot,  
I almost fear to breathe me.  
Is it a flute, is it a lute,  
Is it a barrel-organ?  
Or jews-harp, played by that stern brute  
The keeper—Jemmy Morgan?  
Is it a dulcimer or lyre,  
A sackbut, or a psalter?  
Is't caused by catgut or by wire,  
Or voice that age makes falter?  
Is it a spinet, or a grand  
Or cabinet piano?  
Oh, would it were the accents bland  
Of my own gentle Anna!  
But silent now is her sweet tongue,—  
She died—ten thousand trumpets!  
Or is't the bell by him that's rung,  
Who muffins cries, and crumpets?  
Is it an organ loud that peals  
Cathedral aisles among?  
Is it a cart whose ungreased wheels  
Creak as they roll along?  
Is it a far-off kettle drum,  
Or shout of people hunting?  
Is it a herd of swine that come  
With squeaking and with grunting?  
Oh, it is sweet!—ay, full as sweet  
As "heave-ho" of coal-heavers,  
Or symphony played in the street  
On marrow-bones and cleavers.  
As frolic donkeys' loud "he-haw,"  
As noise of pavior's rammers,  
As dulcet grating of a saw,  
Or din of brazier's hammers.  
What can it be—what can it be,  
My slumber thus disturbing,  
Thus vexing and provoking me,  
With thoughts and dreams perturbing?  
Alas! it is the clank of chains,  
The yells and cries despairing  
Of those poor wretches who my pains  
Of prisonment are sharing.  
Now, curses light upon the head  
Of those who brought me here!  
I get no butter to my bread,  
They take away my beer;  
They treat me worse than any dog,  
They shave my head and bind me,  
That I lie helpless as a log,  
Within the cell assigned me.  
What matters it? I'll laugh and sing,  
And shout with all my might;  
I'll cause the place with yells to ring,  
And hideous make the night.

And if the keeper comes, why then  
I'll kill, and eat him too;  
If I'm a wild beast in a den,  
I'll do as wild beasts do.

But hush! I hear a footstep soft,  
I'm fast asleep and snoring;  
The moon shines bright there, up aloft;  
Oh, that I might be soaring  
On eagles' pinions far away  
From this dull world of sadness,  
To bathe me in her blessed ray,  
And wash away my madness!

The next specimen of our poetical contributions is short. The subject is

#### WORDS.

WORDS, Words, oh say not they are idle breath,  
For have they not the power to stir the soul?  
To torture it with pangs far worse than death,  
To lash it into tempest or control?

Who has not felt their influence in the hour  
When some loved form has turned to depart?  
Who has not felt that they are things of power,  
When the low prayer stole up from lip and heart?

Are there not some, albeit but idly spoken,  
You lay within the heart's most hidden shrine?  
And some perhaps you treasure as the token,  
That the long sought for love at length is thine.

How those we listened to in bygone years,  
And which had seemed forgotten long ago,  
Will suddenly come back amid our tears,  
To gild their sadness with hope's radiant bow!

And are there none, that like a withering blight,  
Have fallen on thy heart's most cherished things?  
Shedding a gloom as dark as that of night,  
On every other gift that life yet brings?

And oh, like viewless messengers of bliss  
Are those, so seldom sent our souls to cheer;  
Whose tones scarce breathe of such a world as this,  
But seem glad pæans over sorrow's bier.

Very different from either of the above is the following. It is from the pen of our clever correspondent "Motley," who appears to be equally happy in the pathetic and humorous.

#### THE GHOST.

A TIMOROUS fellow was Gregory Grig,  
With large saucer eyes, and a thick flaxen wig,  
So nervous was he, his own shadow he feared,  
And at night very clear of each lonely spot steered;  
The least noise, a whistle, the wind, or a bird,  
Nay, even a leaf, if by hazard it stirred,  
Set him trembling and quaking—his knees knocked together  
At a ring of the bell, or a change in the weather.

His age was near fifty,  
His habits were thrifty,  
And knowing the race isn't aye for the swift, he  
Was cautious and slow,  
Thought much, but spoke low,

Walked one mile an hour, and rode too, but oh!  
He sat his grey cob very unlike Ducrow.  
Head stooping down forwards, hands clasping the mane,  
He trotted through Nut copse and Thornbriar lane,  
Grew paler and paler as evening closed in,  
Despite a small taste of rich cordial gin,  
Which served very well as a charm to keep out  
The cold air at night, and to bring on the gout.  
'Twas past ten o'clock, towards the end of October,  
When Gregory Grig, rather tipsy than sober,  
Rode quietly on his old cob, (by the bye,

Betwixt you and I,  
Truth cannot deny

That the beautiful creature was blind of one eye :)  
Like the steed of Don Quixote, far-famed Rozinante,  
The flesh that adorned him was awfully scanty,  
And he looked, as he stalked the wide common across,  
Like that hero of Astley's, the skeleton horse.  
You may ask what could make our bold rider so late,

That he dared to await,  
In defiance of fate,  
The spectre that ever haunts Appleton Gate;  
How he coolly rode on,  
Unguarded, alone,

While the silvery moon in bright radiance shone;  
How he passed the lone copse, where the robbers once lay,  
And rifled the mayor, at least, so they say;  
How he heedlessly ambled beneath the dread tree,  
Whose strange form proclaimed it a gallows to be.  
He seemed to mark nothing, the moan of the wind  
Though it sounded on all sides, before and behind,  
He heard not, so potent had been the good ale  
He had drunk with the miller in Willowden Vale.

'Twas the usual hour  
When Fancy has power  
To conjure up horrors, and make the soul cower,  
When shadows, and demons, and spectres appear,  
And each rustling leaf is a hobgoblin near:  
But with Grig all these terrors their influence lost,  
Unconscious, in silence the meadow he crossed,  
Where the ghost of poor Lucy, who perished for love,  
If we credit our grandmothers, nightly does rove.

A concert of frogs  
From the neighbouring bogs,  
Perhaps thanking the moon for dispelling the fogs,  
Was unheard by the toper, who, dreaming of liquor,  
Of his own place as clerk, and his worship the vicar,  
By the "compound addition" of Somnus and beer,  
Of where he was hadn't the slightest idea.  
Alas! that such blissful enjoyments should cease,  
That, abruptly recalled from the slumber of peace,  
The mind should awake to sensations of pain,  
And exchange pleasant visions for sorrow again!  
So near home was he, that in fifty yards more  
The cob might have neighed at his own stable door,  
But Dame Fortune will seldom continue to smile,  
Although she's indulgent enough for a while.

There's many a slip  
'Twixt the cup and the lip,  
To exemplify which, if I chose, I might dip  
Into history's page  
From the earliest age,

But I fear such digression my friends would enrage.  
Suffice it in few words the story to tell,  
On a stone in the road Dobbin stumbled and fell.  
The sudden jolt roused Mr. Gregory Grig,  
For it shook his old bones, and unsettled his wig;  
He first made an effort his feet to regain,  
Then attempted his wits to collect, but in vain.  
He stared at the hedges, the ditches, and trees,  
And then at the cob, who had broken his knees,  
But he couldn't make out

What it all was about,  
And he must have felt awkward and bothered, no doubt,  
Though the shock of the moment had made his cheek pale,  
It hadn't destroyed the effect of the ale,  
What with sleep, and excitement, and rare double X,  
'Twere well he and cob hadn't broken their necks.  
He helped Dobbin up, and then tried to walk on,  
But his eye for locality, poor man, was gone;

He couldn't see straight  
To his own wicket gate,  
For the miller's strong tap had bewildered his pate.  
But now came the moment of dread and alarm,—  
As he peered o'er the wall of his own little farm,  
His eye on a sudden he happened to raise,  
When a figure in white met his horror-struck gaze.

The arms were outspread,  
As it wanted a head,  
Of course it was fresh from the realms of the dead;  
So nervous is fear,  
He thought he could hear  
A deep voice that threatened to end his career.  
"Bless me!" muttered Gregory, trembling and pale,  
"It can't be my fancy, it can't be the ale.  
No, no, 'tis too clear, 'tis a warning to me  
To prepare for misfortune, whate'er it may be."

Poor fellow, he shivered,  
His lips foamed and quivered,  
And he prayed from all ghosts to be safely delivered.  
The longer he looked, the more frightened he was,  
Like Giles and boy Brittles, recorded by Boz.  
His knees shook like aspens, his fingers were cold,  
So that scarcely the rein of his cob he could hold,  
When a sharp gust of wind blew the ghost a yard high,  
And disclosed his own Sunday shirt hanging to dry!

"The Setting Sun," "the Lily," and a madrigal  
from the pen of "The Welsh Bard," will be inserted  
in an early number.

#### AUTOGRAPHS AND NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.—No. VIII.

MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE.

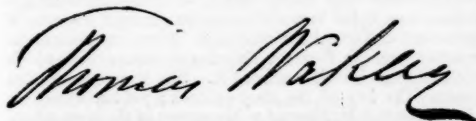
It is no easy matter to decipher Mr. Duncombe's penmanship when he writes in a hurry, as may be guessed from his autograph.



The hon. member for Finsbury is one of the handsomest-looking men to be met with, either in the House of Commons or out of it. He is rather above the general height, has a finely-proportioned figure, and dresses with great taste. His complexion is dark; his face is of the oval form, and his hair is of a jet-black hue. His age is about forty-five.

MR. THOMAS WAKLEY.

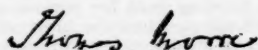
Mr. Wakley is Mr. Duncombe's colleague in the representation of Finsbury. We leave his autograph to speak for itself.



Mr. Wakley is tall, and of an athletic make. His complexion is fair, his hair of a flaxen colour, and his face is of the angular form. He has a pair of small laughing eyes. His age is about the same as that of Mr. Duncombe.

MR. THOMAS MOORE.

Mr. Thomas Moore writes one of the neatest and smallest hands we have ever met with.

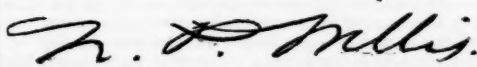


Unlike the writing of the generality of persons, his usual penmanship is exactly the same as his autograph.

Mr. Moore is below the middle stature; hence he is called, and often calls himself, "Little Tom." His first poems were ushered into the world in 1801, under the fictitious name of "Thomas Little," meaning "Little Tom," or "Tom Moore, the Little Man." He is compactly and broadly made, without being fat. His complexion is florid, and his face is full and round. His hair is now getting thin, and what there is of it has an iron-grey colour. He is in the sixty-first or sixty-second year of his age, and remarkably hale and healthy.

MR. N. P. WILLIS.

We know of no author of celebrity, though our acquaintance that way is rather extensive, who writes so beautiful a hand as Mr. Willis, the distinguished American.



His signature is good, but it is nothing to his general penmanship. Mr. Willis is a tall finely formed man, has a handsome countenance, is of an open disposition, of easy and unassuming manners, and has only passed his thirty-third year, though he has the appearance of one verging on forty. He is now engaged in the editorship of a New York periodical.

#### THE OLD SEA-CHEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SUMMER'S RAMBLE IN THE HIGHLANDS."

PHOEBE MOWBRAY, at the age of sixteen, was the fairest and blindest maiden in the hundreds of A—. Her father was an extensive farmer, who had made money by a life of industry, and had no child to inherit it save Phoebe. She had been instructed by the village school-master to read her Bible, and scrawl characters of a very hieroglyphical aspect; nay, it was averred by that erudite personage, though even her father questioned the asseveration, that she could cast up accounts by the simple rules of arithmetic with nearly as much accuracy and expedition as himself. But these accomplishments were too common-place to satisfy a doating parent, who had it in his power to leave his daughter heiress to some fifteen hundred and odd pounds, secured in the bank of the neighbouring borough at the interest of four and a half per cent. Phoebe was therefore placed at an expensive boarding-school in the borough, where she learned to stut most execrable French, to murder a few tunes on the spinet, paint flowers, embroider muslin, and dance like an opera girl. She was also instructed, whether by her governess or her school-companions does not appear, to talk much, and think more of beaux and dresses: nay, it was whispered, long before she returned to her paternal roof, that her little heart had been half-crazed by a brave and handsome young roamer of the sea, attached to a sloop of war which frequently touched at the port where the said school was situated. It may or may not have been so; but certain it is that she went home to her father's house a changed girl. The green fields she had once loved so dearly, the cattle she had formerly delighted to tend and milk, the humble but sincere friends of her childhood, were looked upon with aversion; in short, the bustle and disorder of a farm-house disgusted her, and she saddened and fell sick at the misery of her lot. Phoebe had seen splendid rooms, and what is by courtesy termed "polished society," during her absence. Many of her school-fellows were gentlewomen by birth, and hesitated

not to express a thorough contempt for every thing plebeian. She had been jeered about her father's kine and dung-carts, till, in the anguish of her little heart, she wished that there had been no such things as kine and dung-carts in the world. The young midshipman, too, could not understand how so pretty a girl could be the daughter of a man who had toiled all his life at the tail of a plough. Had she been the daughter of a weather-beaten tar, he would have considered her beauty as her birth-right. As it was, he pronounced her a *rara avis* of her kind.

Old Peter Mowbray's heart was filled with sorrow and alarm when he saw his daughter pine and waste away with untold grief. He occasionally invited his neighbours of an evening to a social dance, trusting that society would enliven her; but she invariably sat moping and silent in a corner till they departed. He half smothered her with gay dresses; but they were either wastefully abused, or left to rot unworn. At length he conjured her, by the love she bore his grey hairs, to say what would make her happy; and Phœbe, overcome by his importunities, confessed that he could only make her so by giving up his snug farm, and becoming an idle gentleman in Lyme. The honest farmer, assailed by paternal affection on the one hand, and prudence on the other, knew not how to decide; but the conflict terminated, as such conflicts usually do, by prudence being discomfited. He disposed of the remainder of his lease at a disadvantage, sold his stock and crop at a bad season, and turned his back on the country. The small sum of money he had vested in the bank consequently became his sole dependence.

Phœbe was not long in discovering, to her astonishment, that perfect happiness is as rarely an inhabitant of the town as of the country. Her high-born friends, transformed from chattering school-girls into fine ladies, either entirely overlooked her, or visited her only to enjoy a laugh at the expense of her homely father; and the young midshipman's calls, though he loved her dearly, were necessarily few and far between.

This was only the commencement of Phœbe's misfortunes. One day the whole town of Lyme was thrown into a state of consternation, by a rumour that the bank—the bank in which Peter Mowbray and many others had deposited their all—was about to stop payment. Phœbe, half distracted by the news, made haste to find her father, in order to hurry him off to present his claim before actual bankruptcy should have taken place; and found him, as latterly was his wont, with the quart-pot at his elbow, and with barely sufficient sense remaining to comprehend the danger he ran of being reduced to actual indigence. Roused by the intelligence she communicated, he staggered off to swell the crowd of unfortunate claimants besieging the doors of the bank; and in somewhat less than an hour returned home sober, and a beggar.

From that hour old Peter Mowbray never held up his head. His mind, always weak, lapsed into a kind of idiotism; and Phœbe saw herself reduced to the necessity of providing for his and her own maintenance by personal labour. This was a sad change to one who had been all along over-ambitious to act the lady; but, to do her justice, she behaved better in adversity than in prosperity. At the suggestion of some generous individuals, who sympathised with her in her affliction, she established a small school; and thus she managed to keep a roof, but a humble one indeed, over the grey hairs which her girlish vanity had deprived of a home.

It was at this period that the young sailor to whom allusion has already been made, returned to Lyme from a long cruise. He was high-born, gallant, and generous-hearted, but withal had much of the recklessness, and

some of the loose principles, too often generated by a roaming life. No sooner did he set foot on shore than he flew on the wings of love to devote himself to Phœbe. He became the confidant of all her sorrows; and had it been in his power, would have made her the richest and happiest lady in the land. But he was little else than a boy, dependent on a proud kinsman, and unable to obtain advancement in his profession without that kinsman's countenance. Many and long were the walks in which the lovers indulged, for the purpose of canvassing their hopes and fears. Prudent people blamed Phœbe; and such as were ill-natured made ungenerous comments; but she was too much in love, and too disconsolate at the prospect of parting with her lover, to heed either warning or reproof.

At length the young sailor sailed away. Phœbe watched his vessel till its tall masts sank down beyond the intervening waves, and her ashy cheeks and tear-dimmed eyes told that she watched it in agony. Two months afterwards the newspapers conveyed the tidings, that the vessel, mistaking a casual light on a perilous part of the coast for a friendly beacon, had gone ashore in a tempestuous night, and been wrecked. All on board perished; and with that ship perished the last hope of Phœbe Mowbray.

Grief does not kill at once. It may pull the stoutest-hearted man to the earth, and compel him to grovel there; but he will not die. Pride, rage, love, joy—all passions kill soon, save grief. It leaves its victims to wither, and to wither slowly. They fall not like the tree of the forest beneath the woodman's axe: but they pine away like the sickly plant, which, though wounded at the core, requires a season to decay. Phœbe Mowbray had the same tenacity of life which is the curse of all the children of grief. A deep groan—a deadly shudder—an ejaculation to heaven for mercy on her lover's soul, was all of suffering that the world was enabled to note. Her father died, and she laid him in his grave without a tear—nay, many thought that she rather rejoiced at his death. She continued to instruct, to the utmost of her ability, the group of youngsters who daily coned their lessons under her lonely roof—a single apartment in the dingiest lane in Lyme, which served at once for parlour, school-room, and bed-chamber. Her heart was not—could not—possibly be with her task; but she had no other means to ward off starvation, and famine is a bitter death.

The principal piece of furniture in Phœbe's small and mean-furnished apartment, was a huge old sea-chest which had belonged to her father. It had a large rusty padlock, was clasped with strong bands of iron, and being richly covered with hieroglyphics, excited mysterious apprehensions in the breast of every little truant acquainted with the localities of her dwelling. These apprehensions received strength from the singular reverence with which their mistress herself regarded it. She was never seen to produce the key of the rusty padlock; yet her eyes were almost constantly directed to the corner of the room where the chest was placed. To her it seemed to possess the fascination of the fabled basilisk. If an unlucky wight chanced in his frolics to touch it with the tip of his finger, she would command him to desist in a voice that made the blood run cold at his little heart. That she did sometimes inspect its contents, be they what they might, was at length ascertained in the way that old maid's secrets are generally found out. A curly-pated rogue, who chanced to be prowling about her premises one morning long before school-hours, took the liberty of putting his eye to a crevice in the door of her apartment, and gravely reconnoitred the melancholy recluse within. The awe-inspiring chest was open; and if the varlet may be further

credited, Phœbe was on her knees by its side praying and weeping alternately. A slight noise he inadvertently made disturbed her. She hurriedly closed the lid, and rushed to the door to detect the spy; but he succeeded in making his escape. That same day she sent for a carpenter, and had her door repaired, to the no small disappointment of her inquisitive pupils.

Hitherto the mysterious interest attached to the ancient chest had been confined to children; but the story propagated by the urchin who had in this instance violated her privacy, excited curiosity even among persons of mature age. Their conclusion was, that she had made it the repository of her little stock of money, perhaps the wreck of her father's property; and as she advanced in years, and grew lean and withered, this supposition gained general credence.

Time rolled on, and at forty years of age Phœbe Mowbray exhibited the wrinkles and grey hairs of seventy. The hum of the world was round her; but she heard it not; or if hearing, heeded it not.—Her school dwindled away: boys hooted and threw filth at her whenever she showed her face beyond her own threshold; and at length, she was left to depend solely for subsistence on the contents of the old sea-chest, and such supplies as her feline familiar, who was shrewdly suspected to be the evil one in disguise, might provide.

Phœbe's case, though pitiable, was not rare. There are few people who have lived any length of time in the world, that have not seen helpless womanhood similarly circumstanced. To be antiquated, wrinkled, poverty-stricken, and given to the nursing of cats, are unpardonable offences in the eyes of the rising generation. There is no species of animal which the mischievous school-boy delights more to torment than that cypeline an old maid. If she has a pet grimalkin, all his ingenuity is excited to bereave it of life: if a garden, not so much as a crab-apple survives the season: if a house, ten to one but it is exposed to sap and mine, and she is burned in her bed, or blown like a rocket into the air. Even young damsels, forgetful of the fate that may await themselves, scruple not to lend a helping hand to degrade their antiquated sister. And yet, ill-treated though they be, there are old maids not a few, whom even the unjust neglect and scorn of the world have failed to render callous and irritable; and who, had their lot been reversed, would have shed joy round domestic hearths, and walked patterns of matronly virtue in the midst of happy families.

But to return to Phœbe. The neighbours, when her desertion became complete, heard many a half-suppressed groan of agony come from her solitary chamber, before they had the humanity to tender their assistance. But when her groans became deep and frequent—when they resembled screams of agony wrung by the fear of death from a hopeless sinner—they held counsel together, and determined that it was proper and charitable, and perchance prudent, seeing she had a chest of the contents of which none knew the value, to pay her a visit. Her door was barricaded, for she had laid herself down to die unseen; but they burst it open, and thronged in rabble-rout about her bed. There she lay, famished and speechless. They brought her food—wine; for it was a sight that humanised the most hardened; but she turned her loathing head away. They intreated her to make a will, and give up the key of the mysterious chest; but she answered only by a wild cry, and by pressing her hands convulsively on her withered breast. A clergyman was sent for, and he knelt down by her side to pray; but he soon discovered that his presence and his prayers were alike inefficacious, and retired, giving it as his opinion that she was either a trembling saint, or a doomed sinner. When the pang of

dissolution came, it cramped her in every limb; yet even in the final throes, her glassy eyes were fixed with horrid intensity on the old chest. When the struggle ended, and she lay still and stark, her long nails were found buried in her bosom, on which, suspended from her neck by a black ribbon, reposed the key of the rusty padlock. The finders were extremely anxious to use it without delay; but a pettifogging attorney, who happened to be present, smelling a job, insisted on taking it in charge, clapped his seal on the chest, and declared that it could not be opened without authority.

The hapless spinster was buried as a pauper. Her remains were laid beside those of her father; and neither sigh nor tear hallowed her grave. On the day she was interred, the old chest, with the iron clasps and rusty padlock, was opened with some ceremony, in presence of the churchwardens and certain civic dignitaries belonging to the borough. The zealous attorney, and several other disinterested individuals, who had all of a sudden discovered that they were related to the deceased, were also in attendance. Then was the true cause of her cureless sorrow—her hopeless prayers—her mysterious reverence for that chest explained. What, reader, did it contain? Neither gold nor jewels, but the *skeleton of a child which had perished in the hour of its birth!*

### INTELLIGENT DOGS.

WHAT we had heard and seen of the feats of trained brutes, from the "sapient pig" to the "learned horse" lately introduced at court, excited very little curiosity to witness the performances of a couple of clever dogs, lately brought to this country by their trainer, M. Leonard, now performing at the Lowther rooms, Strand. Instead of the animals manifesting only a dread of the lash by their servile obedience and mechanical manner of going through their tricks, these dogs evince a lively docility and aptitude in the doing of their tasks, implying delight and eagerness to please their master, and precluding all idea of suffering and coercion.

M. Leonard attributes to animals the possession of reflection, memory, and comparison; and certainly the intelligent animals he has educated, gives proof of the exercise of those faculties. They are a brace of fine pointers; one of the Spanish breed, named Philax, the other of the French breed, named Braque. Both are sagacious brutes, but Braque, the lesser and leaner of the two, is the quicker and more clever: he has been under tuition nearly three years, Philax little more than half the time. M. Leonard opened a door, and showed the two dogs couched beside their food, waiting his permission to eat; but, before taking their meal, they went through their lessons. He began by showing the perfect control under which he holds them: they rise up and lie down, run and play, and assume various postures at his command. One will take a bit of meat in his mouth, and give it up to the other; and in no instance did they swallow the morsels that they fetched and carried, without permission. Thus much for their docility—of itself a curious exhibition. Now for their intelligence.

M. Leonard, first calling the attention of the dogs to what he is going to do, throws on the floor several bits of bread, calling each bit by a number, but not in numerical order; and the dogs fetch any particular piece indicated by calling for the number assigned to it, though some of the company had forgotten to which pieces the numbers belonged. A few cards of different hues were thrown down, and the dogs picked up any colour called for; and on being shown a glove, or any thing of the colour desired, they fetched the card of that hue; so when shown any

article, as a glove, a box, or a piece of paper, they would pick up its like from the floor, and take it to the person pointed out. They not only find any letter or numeral called for, but show a knowledge of spelling and arithmetic; thus the letters forming the name of Rachel were laid on the ground out of their proper order, and M. Leonard pronouncing several times the word Rachel, the dogs brought the letters in their right sequence; proving their knowledge of the sounds of the alphabet in combination as well as separately. So with the figures; if "five added to two" were called for, they brought the number seven; if "nine less five," the number four, and so on.

As a climax to the whole, Braque plays a game of dominoes with any of the company, with as much gravity and skill as an old Frenchman in a café: the dominoes are set up on edge before him, and he picks up in his mouth the proper numbers in succession; not unfrequently beating his adversary. If a wrong one is played, he whines and barks; and also when he is himself unable to play. The dogs made some mistakes in the course of the performance, but they always rectified the errors themselves. M. Leonard uses no threats, and speaks in a quiet tone, but distinctly; repeating his command two or three times, to insure attention and impress their memory: he rewards their promptitude by clapping his hands and patting them; and reproves any inattention or blunder by a box on the ear, or a few smart slaps on the hind quarters.

M. Leonard has other dogs in training, and is writing a treatise on the subject, which will be a curious addition to natural history. The intelligence shown by the sheep-dog is no less extraordinary, though developed in a different way; indeed, the operations of what we call the "instinct" of brutes, are such as to challenge a more enlightened investigation of their intellectual powers than has yet been entered upon.—*Spectator*.

#### WATCHING FOR A TIGER.\*

THE spot I selected (says the writer) was at the edge of a tank, where a tiger used to drink. There was a large tamarind tree on its banks, and here I took my post. A village shikaree accompanied me; and soon after sunset, we took up our position on a branch, about twelve feet from the ground. I should first mention, that we had fastened an unfortunate bullock under the tree for a bait. Well, we remained quietly on our perch for a couple of hours, without any thing stirring. It might be eight o'clock, the moon had risen, and so clear was the light, that we could see the jackalls at the distance of half a mile, sneaking along towards the village, when a party of Brinparries, passing by, stopped to water their bullocks at the tank. They loitered for some time; and, becoming impatient, I got off the tree with a single rifle in my hand, and walked towards them, telling them I was watching a tiger, upon which they started off immediately. I was sauntering back to my post, never dreaming of danger, when the shikaree gave a low whistle, and at the same moment a growl rose from some bushes between me and the tree. To make my situation quite decided, I saw his (the shikaree's) black arm pointing nearly straight under him, on my side of his post. It was evident, that I could not regain the tree, although I was within twenty paces of it. There was nothing for me but to drop behind a bush, and leave the rest to Providence. If I had moved then, the tiger would have had me to a certainty; besides I trusted to his killing the bullock, and returning to the jungle as soon as he had finished his supper.

It was terrible to hear the moans of the wretched bullock

when the tiger approached. He would run to the end of his rope, making a desperate effort to break it, and then lie down, shaking in every limb, and bellowing in the most piteous manner. The tiger saw him plain enough; but, suspecting something wrong, he walked growling round the tree, as if he did not observe him. At last he made his fatal spring, with a horrid shriek rather than a roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggling under him, uttering faint cries, which became more and more feeble every instant, and then the heavy breathing, half growl, half snort of the monster, as he hung to his neck, sucking his life blood. I know not what possessed me at this moment, but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept up softly within ten yards of him, and, kneeling behind a clump of dates, took a deliberate aim at his head, while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat. He started with an angry roar from the carcass when the ball hit him. He stood listening for a moment, then dropped in front of me, uttering a sullen growl. There was nothing but a date bush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols, they had been left on the tree. Then I knew that my hour was come, and all the sins of my life flashed with dreadful distinctness across my mind. I muttered a short prayer, and tried to prepare myself for death, which seemed inevitable. But what was my peon about all this time? he had the spare guns with him! Oh, as I afterwards learned, he, poor fellow, was trying to fire my double rifle; but all my locks have bolts, which he did not understand, and he could not cock it. He was a good shikaree, and knew that was my only chance; so when he could do no good, he did nothing. If Mohadeen had been there, he would soon have relieved me; but I had sent him in another direction that day. Well, some minutes passed thus.

The tiger made no attempt to come at me; a ray of hope cheered me; he might be dying. I peeped through the branches; but my heart sank within me when his bright green eyes met mine, and his hot breath absolutely blew in my face. I slipped back upon my knees in despair, and a growl warned me that even that slight movement was noticed. But why did he not attack me at once? A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge, unless he sees his prey distinctly. Now, I was quite concealed by the date leaves; and, while I remained perfectly quiet, I still had a chance. Suspense was becoming intolerable. My rifle lay useless at my side; to attempt to load it would have been instant death. My knees were bruised by the hard gravel, but I dared not move a joint. The tormenting mosquitoes swarmed round my face, but I feared to raise my hand to brush them off. Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a hoarse growl grated through the stillness of the night. Hours that seemed years rolled on; I could hear the village gong strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end. At last the welcome dawn! and oh, how gladly did I hail the first streaks of light that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger rose, and sulkily stalked away to some distance. I felt that the danger was past, and rose with a feeling of relief which I cannot describe. Such a night of suffering was enough to turn my brain, and I only wonder that I survived it. I now sent off the peon for the elephant, and before eight o'clock old Goliath had arrived. It was all over in five minutes. The tiger rushed to meet me as soon as I entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him down dead.

\* From Sketches of Sporting, by Mr. Apperley.

## THE DEATH OF HAMPDEN.

In the evening of the 17th of June, 1643, Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day, he attacked and dispersed a few parliamentary soldiers who were quartered at Postcome. He then flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the troops who were posted there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford. Hampden had on the preceding day strongly represented to Essex, the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the General. The cavaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton bridge. A force ought instantly to be despatched in that direction, for the purpose of intercepting them. In the mean time, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander; he did not even belong to their branch of the service; but "he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge, Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone, and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford. Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride, Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition, that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to die; but the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds; but there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating, but he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his last public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the church of England, with whom he lived in the habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Green-coats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine. A short time before his death, the sacrament was administered to him. He declared that though he disliked the government of the church of England, he yet agreed with that church as to all essential matters of doctrine. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself, and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed, in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul.—Lord, save my country—O Lord, be merciful to—." In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit. He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, bare-headed, with reversed arms, and muffled drums, and colours, escorted his body to the grave, singing as they marched that lofty and melancholy psalm, in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him in whose sight a thousand

years are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night. The news of Hampden's death produced as great consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay. Lord Nugent has quoted a remarkable passage from the next *Weekly Intelligencer*. "The loss of colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country, and makes some conceive little content to be at the army now that he is gone. The memory of this deceased colonel is such, that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honour and esteem; a man so religious, and of that prudence, temper, valour, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind him." He had indeed left none his like behind him. There still remained, indeed, in his party, many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic, half buffoon, whose talents, discerned as yet only by one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which, at such a crisis, were necessary to save the state,—the valour and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, and the ardent public spirit of Sidney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when, to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles, had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge,—it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated, threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed that sobriety, that self-command, that perfect soundness of judgment, that perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.—*Edinburgh Review*.

## EMPLOYMENT OF TIME BY A QUEEN.

THE character of Mary, queen of William III., written by Bishop Burnet, contains a picture of every female virtue, and of every female grace. He makes her say, that she looked upon idleness as the great corrupter of human nature, and believed that if the mind had no employment given it, it would create some of the worst to itself; and she thought, that any thing which might amuse and divert without leaving an ill impression behind it, ought to fill up those vacant hours that were not claimed by devotion or business. "When her eyes," says Bishop Burnet, "were endangered by reading too much, she found out the amusement of work; and in all those hours that were not given to better employments, she wrought with her own hands, and that sometimes with so constant a diligence as if she had been to earn her bread by it. Her example soon wrought not only on those that belonged to her, (the court,) but on the whole town, to follow it, so that it was become as much the fashion to work as it had been to be idle." Mary died some years before the king. He was much affected by her death; and after his decease, a locket containing some of her hair, was found hanging near his heart.

## POETRY.

## A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

BEAUTIFUL infant! with thy brow so bright  
 And eyes of dewy softness,—thou dost seem,  
 By the faint blush of day's decaying light,  
 Like the fair vision of some poet's dream;  
 Beautiful infant! thou art welcome here,  
 Although my kiss of love is blended with a tear.

A tear of tenderness—perhaps of woe—  
 Will mingle with a mother's smile of joy;  
 And as mine eyes with such soft drops o'erflow,  
 While gazing on thy beauty, my fair boy,  
 Sadness and pleasure there by turns I find,  
 As hope alternate beams, or fear comes o'er my mind—

Sadness, to think how soon life's brightest ray  
 By some unfavouring cloud may be o'ercast;  
 How quickly youth's fair dawn will fade away,  
 And manhood's ripened noon be o'er and past;  
 And years steal on with eager hurried pace,  
 Till the cold frost of age sinks all in his embrace—

Pleasure, when fancy whispers thou mayst run  
 The brilliant race of glory or renown;  
 That ere thy life's bright circuit shall be done,  
 Genius may wreath for thee her laurel crown:  
 Thus hope will promise in my dreaming year,  
 And then the smile of joy outshines the timid tear.

But, when I think of broken hearts, and blighted  
 By the world's scorn, or fortune's changing wave,  
 Of talents misapplied, and genius slighted,  
 Or youthful hopes that find an early grave;  
 Then pleasure dies within my sinking breast,  
 And over days to come the cloud of grief will rest.

Yet, lovely infant, with thy brow so bright,  
 And eyes of dewy softness, thou dost seem,  
 By the faint blush of day's decaying light,  
 Like the fair vision of some poet's dream;  
 Yet, lovely infant, thou art welcome here,  
 Although my kiss of love is blended with a tear.

## VARIETIES.

**SINCERITY.**—Sincerity is the basis of every virtue; the love of truth, as we value the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, should be cultivated. In all our proceedings, it will make us direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm,—they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing.—*Dr. Blair.*

Persons who are innocently cheerful and good-humoured are very useful in a world of folly and evil; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

**INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.**—How often have I seen a company of riotous men, checked all at once into decency by the accidental entrance of an amiable woman; while her good sense and obliging deportment charmed them into at least a temporary conviction that there is nothing so delightful as female conversation.—To form the manners of men, nothing contributes so much as the cast of the women they converse with. Those who are most associated with women of virtue and understanding, will always be found the most amiable characters. Such society, beyond every thing else, rubs off the protrusions that give to many an ungracious roughness; it produces a polish more perfect and pleasing than that which is received by a general commerce with the world. This last is often specious, but commonly superficial; the other is the result of gentler feelings, and a more elegant humanity; the heart itself is moulded, and the habits of undissembled courtesy are formed.

**MISERABLE EFFECTS OF INDIGENCE.**—The indigent man is compelled by the circumstances of his situation to practise continual dissimulation. He dare not, he cannot approach his superior with the easy confidence of virtue. He must not speak what is true, but what he supposes will be agreeable, which he does with the whining tone of a mendicant. This humbles and enervates his mind.—It is brought into a thralldom, and his soul is obliged to acknowledge a master. He can turn neither to the right hand nor the left; if he should resent an injury, he is ungrateful; if he submit in silence, he is a coward.

**PETRARCH'S DREAM.**—"Methought I saw the Bishop crossing the rivulet of my garden, alone. I was astonished at this meeting, and asked him whence he came, whither he was going in such haste, and why he was alone. He smiled upon me with his usual complacency, and said, 'Remember, that, when you were in Gascony, the tempestuous climate was insupportable to you. I also am tired of it. I have quitted Gascony, never to return, and am going to Rome.' At the conclusion of these words, he had reached the end of the garden;—and, as I endeavoured to accompany him, he, in the kindest and gentlest manner waved his hand; but, upon my persevering, he cried out, in a more peremptory manner, 'Stay! you must not at present attend me.' Whilst he spoke these words, I fixed my eyes upon him, and saw the paleness of death upon his countenance. Seized with horror, I uttered a loud cry, which awoke me. I took notice of the time. I told the circumstance to all my friends; and at the expiration of five and twenty days, I received accounts of his death, which happened on the very same night in which it had appeared to me."—*Campbell's Life of Petrarch.*

**TREATMENT OF PUBLIC MEN.**—How few men are estimated according to their real worth! Society often treats with indifference many of her best and most enlightened minds, at the same time that she is heaping her honours with lavish prodigality upon others of comparative insignificance. Some have been held up to the gaze of the multitude as models of virtue and patriotism, whilst their actions have been extolled to the skies, as prodigies in law, divinity, and politics, and whose practical knowledge has been left neglected and unnoticed.

**FLOUNCING.**—In Guernsey, when a young man offers himself to a young lady, and is accepted, the parents of the parties give what is termed a flouncing; that is, they invite their friends to a feast, the young lady is led round the room by her future father-in-law, and introduced to his friends, and afterwards the young man is paraded about in like manner by his future father-in-law; there is then an exchange of rings, and some articles of plate, according to the rank of the parties. After this it is horrid for the damsel to be seen walking with any other male person, and the youth must scarcely look at anything feminine; in this way they court for years. After this ceremony, if the gentleman alters his mind, the lady can claim half his property; and if the fickle lass repent, the gentleman can claim half hers.

The school-boy makes the most of his hours of recreation. It is time for play, and play he will; and why should he not be happy? He mingles with his favourite companions, runs to his favourite haunts, and chooses his favourite games, not losing a moment of his enjoyment until the school-bell rings in his ears and calls him to his books. Let every one do as he does—making the most of those seasons of innocent enjoyment which occasionally present themselves.

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